

IN MY LADY'S KINGDOM.

SUNDAY SPENT IN QUIET COUNCIL WITH HER.

An Array of Readable Matter for the Women-The Best Cosmetic_Fear of Mice_ "Mrs. Bland"_Eugenie's Escape,

Her Return.

A bonnet on my choicest chair. With gay fal-lais that women wear; A scent of roses ev'rywhere.

merry voice that makes me dream Of bird and flow'r and sunlit stream And new-mown hay and curdled cream. My pipes and slippers laid away,

My prints adorned with ribbons gay; The truant cat come back to stay.

A little hand that strokes my hair; A well-loved face—all fresh and fair, With sundry freckles here and there.

Farewell late hours and frolic vain, No more a bachelor I reign— For Maud is back in town again -Gerald Brenan in Puck.

GOOD SENSE AND BEAUTY.

Use of One Leads to Possession of the Other

People write to me and ask me what I consider the best cosmetic. I know nothing about them, as I never used one. But if you are moderately well, the liquid that If you are moderately well, the liquid that will keep your skin in order, that will make it healthy, that will brighten your eyes and make you feel ten years younger than you are, is that one on which no one has taken out a patent, which you need not get in fancy bottles or jars, but which you can have by the gallon when you turn on the faucet in your bath tub—water. I regret to say that the average woman is not fond of the bath, and oman is not fond of the bath, and yet, it is her best friend. She need not do as her English cousin, take a cold one every morning, for very few American women can stand this shock. But she can take a tepid one, and if she rubs her-self well afterwards and only remains in it ten minutes, there is no reason in the world why she should take cold. The very hot bath is suited to few women, and these women have to discover it for themselves. When Mrs. Langtry was in this country, a very ridiculous story went the rounds, that the beauty of her skin was due to the fact that she took a cold bath every morning. This is absolutely untrue. At 9 o'clock Mrs. Langtry had a cup of tea brought to her; after that she got up and took a bath so hot that it turned her as red as a lobster, and when she came out of this she went back to bed and slept for two hours, after which she had her breakfast. Of course, is not always possible for women to ay in the house. Then, too, with many stay in the house. Then, too, with many women the hot bath is enervating, but the tepid one may be cited as that which suits all sorts and conditions, and from

which no evil result will come. In almost

rubber or tin bath has to be brought to one's room, but here, where at least one

ting of a bath is difficult. That is,

-and this is quite often the cause of her losing her good looks.

Once in a while, a woman who really loves luxury gives herself the milk bath which the beauties of the court of the Great Louis used to take, and which bythe-bye, does not have a drop of milk in it. Instead, from one of the glass-stoppered little bottles that stands on one's dressing-case, enough tincture of benzoin is thrown into the water to give it a milky look-by-the-bye, this is benzoin, not benzine—and, after one has bathed in this, one comes out feeling not only as fresh as possible, but with one's skin having a perfume like that of myrrh. In the days gone by, when the cultivation of beauty was a religion, all sorts of odd baths were used, and the reigning beauty pat in her bath tub with a liquid up to her neck, and reached out her bare arms for an admirer to kiss. In an old lotel in Paris, in a room where to-day there work fifty busy needle women, is the bath of Ninon de L'Enclos, which is so beauti-fully painted that even trade hasn't drivaway. Isabeau of Bavaria had her made of the juice of strawberries; but I advise the beauty of to-day to re serve a single strawberry to rub over her teeth, making them as white as milk, and causing her breath to be as sweet as clover. The lady who induced Henry the Eighth to be unfaithful to his wife, Anne Boleyn, always bathed in pure water, and the man who wished to get a favor from the king, accompanied him to the favorite's bath-room, carrying with him a silver cup; then, leaning over the edge of the tub, he filled the cup with the water in which the beauty lay, and drank it off the queen's health. This was only water. Probably it would have been more enjoyed if the bath had been like that which was taken by the woman who ruled the heart of Alexander the First, of Pussis She bethed in Malace view. of Russia. She bathed in Malaga wine, and after she was through, the wine was rebottled and sold at high prices.—

Tempo di Bolero.

"Bab," in Exchange.

Given a fierce hidalgo papa In a hideous huge sombrero, Given a youth with a gay guitar And a song—tempo di bolero— Given a kiss tossed down on a rose, And a ladder of ropes, and 'tis plain, liven a moon and away she goes With the youth to a castle in Spain.

Ha ha! A guitar outwits a papa; olero outdoes a sombrero; toon and a kiss and a rose, it is plain, a ladder, will build you a castle in

-Marguerite Merington in Life.

The Poetic Maiden. Where she smiles the sun is shining, Where she frowns the sky is gray, Where she speaks the birds are singing, Where she is, is bliss alway.

Where she walks the flowers are bloom-Where she stands is summer time, Where she moves and has her being Mostly is in books of rhyme.

-Detroit Free Press WRY WOMEN FEAR MICE.

One of Them Tries to Think of the Reason for Being Afraid of a Little Animal a a woman (and, I trust, a brave one) ver of animals and a student of nattory, I ask the vexed question in es: Why are women afraid

Why should the sight (I had almost written the name) of a tiny, harmless, graceful little creature strike terror into the stoutest hearts that beat in feminine breasts? Echo answers "Why?" The fear of mice is a hereditary curse, an inherited weakness, a fatal foe, which it is useless to combat, a foolish dread of which we ought to feel heartily ashamed; and yet it is a real and a formidable terror. I remember once reading a story about a coterie of strong-minded women who gave a series of lectures upon female virtues in an old country town assembly room. One of their number was chosen to deliver the lecture on valor and selected for her subject the history of Joan of Arc. But when the evening arrived and she was discoursing upon the valor Why should the sight (I had almost writ-

of Arc. But when the evening arrived and she was discoursing upon the valor of her sex in general a mouse ran across the platform and the lecturer and her strong-minded sisters jumped on to their chairs, clutching their petticoats in a manner not altogether picturesque. But I maintain that the fear of mice has nothing whatever to do with the lack of real bravery and that Joan of Arc would probably have clutched her petticoats in preably have clutched her petticoats in pre-

cisely the same manner.

A mouse in the chamber of Marat would, I believe, have deterred Charlotte Corday from her dread purpose, and the tail of one popping opportunely from the carving of Tullia chariot would have prevented her from driving over her father's corpse, and I could cite many instances in which mice might have changed the history of the world. Who can doubt that Cleopatra and other swarthy Egyptian beauties held the sacred cat in special veneration on account cred cat in special veneration on account of the part he played in ridding them of their pet aversion? Every one knows that if a cat has a weakness it is for a plump, well-matured mouse, and puss has perhaps for this reason earned the affec-tions, because the gratitude, of our sex.

cisely the same manner.

A Pious Maiden.

Mademoiselle Jonjon visited one day a village church and began to sing with her usual enthusiasm. There was a powerful echo in the old church and each sound that she uttered was distinctly repeated. This did not disturb her in the least, for she at once exclaimed: "It is only the good God who is answering me." -Paris Figaro.

Night.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white; Nor waves the cypress in the palace Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry

The firefly wakens; waken thou with me!

Now droops the milk-white peacock like chost And like a ghost she glimmers on to me. Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,

And all thy heart lies open unto me. Now slides the silent meteor on, and

A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me. Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,

And slips into the bosom of the lake; So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and

Into my bosom and be lost in me.

DO YOU KNOW HER?

The Woman Who Never Remembers to Keep an Enga ement or Pay a Bill-

bathroom is in every house, there is no reason why a woman should not be per-fumed with cleanliness unless she is lazy The most salient point in Mrs. Bland's character is her capacity for forgetting. She makes an engagement with, you to-day and forgets it to-morrow, says Wav-erley. When reminded of her delinquency she is profuse in apologies; she is so sor-She borrows of you from five cents to five dollars and "forgets" to repay you-

She pays her butcher, her baker and her candlestick-maker if she has the change just then; if not, she doesnt. When you try to sell her tickets for the church fair she is enthusiastic over the project and takes a couple right away, but doesn't pay for them at the time, nor the next time you call, nor the next, nor when you write-until in mortification you pay for them out of your own pocket and charge the money in your account-book to "one lesson in human nature." And. "one lesson in human nature." And, oddly enough, she knows nothing of her unenviable reputation, but goes on her way smiling, unconscious of the execra-

Wearvin' for You.

Jes' a wearyin' for you-All the time a-feelin' blue; Wishin' for you-wonderin' when You'll be comin' home agen. Restless, don't know what to do-Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

tions she leaves in her train,

Room's so lonesome with your chair Empty by the fireplace there. Jes' can't stand the sight of it! Go out doors an' roam a bit But the woods is lonesome, too-Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Comes the wind, with soft caress, Like the rustlin' of your dress; Blossoms fallin' to the ground Softly, like your footstep sound; Violets like your eyes so blue-Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Mornin' comes; the birds awake; Use to sing so for your sake!
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats;
Seem to feel your absence, too— Jes a-wearyin' for you!

When the dark glooms in the door; Seems jes' like you orter be There to open it for me. Latch goes tinklin'; thrills me through-Sets me wearyin' for you!

Jes' a-wearyin for you All the time a-feelin' blue; Wishin' for you-wonderin' when You'll be comin' home agen; Restless-don't know what to do-Jes' a-wearyin' for you!
-Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitu

ESCAPE OF AN EMPRESS.

Eugenie Sought the Aid of Her Dentist.

At the opening of the Franco-Prussian war the Emperor Napoleon III, took the field in person, leaving the Empress Euge-nie at Paris as regent and guardian of the Prince Imperial, then a boy of 10 or 12. The news came to Paris first, "We have lost a battle!" then, "The Emperor is a captive!"—these are matters of history. The populace began to rise and threatel life and limb. The work of evacuating the city began; already there came whis pers of violent deeds being planned by the Commune, and the Empress was ad-vised to fly. Safety lay there only. But how was she to accomplish a flight, when every one was against her? She bethought herself of her dentist, and resolved to

seek aid from him.
Dr. Evans is an American, and for nearly thirty years has attended to the decaying and mutinous molars of Euro pean royalty. It was evening and Dr Evans was entertaining a party of friends

and compatriots at dinner, when he was called by a servant who said that two ladies were waiting to see him.

He recognized the Empress and one of her ladies-in-waiting. Eugenie appealed to him to aid her in escaping from the metremolis. The Empress had come in a metropolis. The Empress had come in hired carriage, with but one lady and on-gentleman-in-waiting. This carriage wa dismissed, and Dr. Evans ordered his



A FUR TRIMMED TERRA COTTA.

a thing which it is her business to remember. She asks you to please get her a lace jabot like yours, or, "since you are going to the store to purchase a few ar-ticles for her, but never offers you the money and would be highly offended if, knowing her of old, you refuse to get them until she does so. She cannot tell a them until she does so. She cannot tell a story accurately to save her life; and if you, at the end of your patience, perhaps, are impolite enough to trip her up on her statements, her cheerful, "Well, it's a trifle anyway," cows you into silence. As for depending upon her to act in accordance with her own previous arrangements—why, she has "changed her mind," without the formality of letting you know. You might as well rely on the immobility of an eel or try to pick up quick-silver with your fingers. To be "alippery in money matters" is among business men a disgrace. The undependable woman thinks of it as an amiable weakness, if she thinks of it at all.

own. After driving a considerable distance, the coachman was stopped, the party alighted, and the carriage was sent home. Then a third carriage was hired and the escape proceeded.

At the crossing of one of the boulevards the carriage was surrounded by the carriage was surrounded by the carriage was surrounded.

At the crossing of one of the bould inch.
the carriage was surrounded by a inch.
A gamin, catching sight of one of the
occupants of the vehicle, raised the ery
of "Vive l'Imperatrice!" He was immeof "Vive l'Imperatrice!" He was immediately seized by one of the gentlemen and soundity cuffed on the head. "Next time you'll shout 'Vive la Republique!" said he as the urchin escaped. This mob was passed in safety, but there was another. A man sprang at the carriage with a shout that he was going to see who was inside, out one of the Empress's gentleman companions mounted the step of the carriage with his drawn pocket-book in his hand, and the crowd, thinking it was a pistol, fell back and the fugitive passed on.

ceeded in reaching Brussels, where there lived a friend of Dr Evans, a Quaker lady. She consented to help them out, so the Empress was smuggled into her

room as a seamstress. Finally, one night, under cover of intense darkness, the party made its way to the coast, and embarked in a small sailing vessel for England, the Quaker lady and Dr. Evans remaining behind. She was joined there by the Prince Imperial, who had escaped another way, and later by the exiled Emperor.-Exchange.

ALL-RAIL ROUTE 10 EURGPE.

Preliminary Steps Aiready Taken in an Enterprise of Vast Magnitude.

Before long the project of an all-rail route between America and Europe, thus virtually connecting the two hemispheres, will receive the attention of minds given to the promotion of great enterprises. Preliminary steps in this direction have, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, already been taken in procuring expert opinions on the route. It is not believed that the engineering difficulties are at all insurmountable, the main question being a flancial one rather than other-wise. Leaving the United States at some point on the northwestern boundary of the State of Washington the proposed line would be located some distance in-land from, but parellel with the Pacific coast, traversing northward through British Columbia, then leaving the dominion, enter Alaska, cross the Yukon river and touch Bering strait at Cape Prince of Wales.

This strip of water that divides east-ern Asia from Alaska, and is the link that unites the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is only thirty-six miles wide, and is interspersed with islands, between which are considerable expanses of inter-vening water but which seldom exceeds a depth of ninety feet. Government sound-ings have been taken across the strait and the ocean floor found to be of sub-stantial rock. Once across the strait, Siberian Russia is encountered and, passing the coast of the Gulf of Anadir, the road would touch the arctic circle, deflect southwestward, crossing the Lena river, then on, continuing in a diagonal direction through the Russian Empire into the Orient. A branch road of less than 3,000 miles may diverge from the main line, go southward beyond the domains of the czar, swing round the great desert of Obi, penetrate into the dense populations of China and her southern satellites, and thus connect with the great network of celestial railway systems which the loud neighing of the in-ternational iron steed shall call into existence, The scheme, when fully matured, may embrace the commercial con-trol of Hindoostan, Afghanistan and Per sia, sweep the entire Levant, and leaving the home of the Euroclyden, would then be ready to penetrate eastern Europe, and following the setting sun, join the rails of our kinsmen on the western side of the continent.

The strong point for the people of the United States in the construction of this road is the rail connections with our Alaskan possessions and the opening up of what bids fair to prove unprecedented nineral and other wealth. We are also brought to the long chain of Alcutian islands, that we acquired with the pur chase of Alaska, which chain extends so far westward beyond Asla that, when the evening shadows lengthen on ou most western land, the morning rays already strike Passamaquoddy bay, glid-ing the headlands on the eastern coast of Maine, Some of these islands have an area as large as Pennsylvania, and being tempered with favoring isother-mal lines, abound with the finest grazing. The road once built, the now disciplined disciples of agriculture from the older autonomy can retire to these islands, which are peculiarly adapted to wool-growing. where they can engage in producing this invaluable commodity and meditate on

To our Canadian cousins this stupendous project can also be presented in most glowing colors. It will give them communication with and market for vast areas of the finest timber, give them ac-cess to their great fur-bearing country and will apply the ax of settlement to their great northern wilderness. On the Siberian side of the strait, in addition to the immense deposits of ivery and bones, the remains of myriads of the colossal creatures of the pre glacial world, there are the inexhaustible mines worked by the Siberian exiles, and this entire region, while cold and inhospitable, is literally a magazine of wealth, a cold storage of the measureless product of a former and more generous age.

SIGNIFICANCE OF PARISSIGNS.

Carefully Selected names and phrases Used to Indicate the Wares for Sale-

The eternal fitness of things is never lost sight of by Parisians. Even their shop signs are carefully adapted to the character of the wares they advertise. Every place where things are sold, from the largest to the smallest, has its desigthe largest to the smallest, has its deals nation. Some of the names are preity, some odd and grotesque; some have an inwardness of meaning that has to be sought after perhaps, but when found its application is unfalling good. Probably the most familiar illustration is the great establishment known to all the civably the most familiar illustration is the great establishment known to all the civilized world as "Au Bon March." This does not mean the good market, as some have translated it says London Tid-Eits, but "at the cheap place." A florist's place is called "the crown of peace," and when you see that it is near a cemetery you acknowledge the appropriateness of the name. "The Little Balcony" inscribed over a balcony gay with flowers is an at-tractive name for a wine shop. There's quite room enough for a few chairs round a table holding a bottle of wine and glasses. In order to get the full meaning of one old sign, "Better Here than Op-posite," one must learn that a prison once posite," one must learn that a prison once stood across the way from it. The "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" is seen over both a fishing tackle shop and a fish market on the banks of the Seine. fish market on the banks of the Seine. Many shops which sell kindling wood and small fuel have the suggestive sign, "Diabolical Charcoal." The curiosity and the odds and ends shops continue the idea in their funnilly appropriate names. Of those are "At the Knick-Knacks of Bygone Times," "At the Old Times," "At the Mascot," etc. The chemists rearly have any signs besides the ists rearly have any signs besides the names of the dealers, but here is a rather nice one: "At the Pharmacy of the Pas-tor," the little shop standing near a church. Dairies are often named after For restraint names, saints. Delicacies of a Palace" on the one hand, and "At the Pewter Dish" on the other, form about as great a contrast as could be found. And for a shoe shop what could be more delightful than "Cinder-

THE WOMAN OF FASHION

FASHIONABLE FUR_FUZZY, FAB LOUS AND FASCINATING.

The Numberless Forms Which it Takes_ The All Fur Cloak and Mantle-The Fur Collar and Band for Trimmings.

HE is warm, and gracious, and The brilliant. rich blood courses through her veins as she walks in the frosty air, and protecting furs nestle close up to her dainty keeping neck, away the sudden little wind

gusts that try to

creep in. The and wool; each skirt is edged with broad martin sable, above which runs a band furs-they make up half her charm; and the girl knows it, and assures herself of it half satirically, half smilingly as she notes the increased devotion of lover or friend. Take off from her that great sable collar, those soft, hig sleeves of seal; bring her in from the frosty air, that gives her that charming color; sit her down amid common-place surroundings, with her regal garment gone and an ordinary gown, without puff or gather, in its place. Turn to her once more, and then, fond admirer, whoever you may be, you will find a change-not only in her, but in yourself. But we women know too well the secret of our power to be so caught sapping. You will ever find us gay, and brilliant, and adorned with all the artifices that render us so perfectly irresistible. That is why we have taken to furs this winter. We noted that you were becoming so accustomed to our efforts that something positively heroic was imperative to force you to open your eyes. Therefore we have poured upon you a perfect flood of furs. To show your appreciation and commencation you will appreciation and commencation you will appreciate the source of the source o forts that something positively heroic was imperative to force you to open your need simply to take out your pocket-

coats that are so fashionable this winter, with their great gigot sleeves and their enchanting stand-offishness at the bottom, can be bought for a very smail sum. I saw one last week of a good, fine cloth, for fifteen dollars. But if this is too much, you can get one even lower. Let me whisper to you that I saw one for eight dollars and a half that looked well. I do not pretend to guarantee its service, but in this age of fickle fashion, it is but in this age of fickle fashion, it is sometimes more economical in the end to buy a coat for only one season, since it often costs more than a week's sulary to remodel it for the following one. Now with your plain cloth coat, you can do wonders. A fur collar, that is, a broad shouldered piece of fur that points to the waist, will quite transform it, or, if this is beyond you, get you a coat that has big cloth revers of desirable cut, and edge them with narrow sable or other fur. Perhaps you can save enough on your coat to introduce a little fur on your best walking gown. If so, all the better. But be sure your furbands are of good quality. The oldfashioned chinchilla is also in vogue, mostly for trimming, and there is still plenty of beaver and mink worn. A very pretty collar piece is a series of rather long sable tails, falling from a high sable collar. A handsome fur-trimmed costume has a gouble skirt of terra-cotta mixed silk

of duil black passementerie. A cape falls over the bodice, to the walst, edged as is the skirt. This is again covered to the shoulders, with a black velvet collar, gathered in godets or puckers, and falling, each side of two sable bands that stop at the waist in long points to the feet, ornamented with handsome jet pendants. Muffs have fallen in considerably since their first appearance this winter. The great big ones are worn but little, and a muff only a triffe larger than last year's is correct. Muffs are just at present quite the fad of bridesmaids or more particu-larly, the maid of honor, to carry. Such a muff is a dainty thing of brocade or handsome silks, trimmed with fur talls, with flowers, or with dainty lace. Or it may be all lace, with a fine ornament of some sort fastened thereto.

almost as beautiful. Sable is worn with



SEAL AND ERMINE COMBINATIONS.

book and cheerfully settle the bills. You | the brighter colors, particularly the new

Furs-and a host of varieties. Ermine, sable, seal, mink, chinchilla, beaver, krimmer, fox and a few more. They show themselves in so many forms—in coats, capes, collars, bands, ruffles, stoles and victorines; under so many circum-stances—on the street, in the warm, cozy afternoon tea room; in the great ball the demure bridesmaid, and even in my

the demure bridesmaid, and even in my lady's chamber, as she lounges in ner white, fur-trimmed robe.

The least suspicion of cold will start the fur agoing. Watch the procession slowly filing out of church. You will fined many a dress of black trimined with jet, with delicate white lace and with fur bands. Incongruous as it sounds, the combination is very pleasing. You will note bination is very pleasing. You will note that there is scarcely a costume which has not a touch of fur somewhere. It forms narrow bands on the skirt, in place of the broad band that was once popular at the foot. It trims all the coats in greater or less degree, and it turns in and out of all the hats. Fur is a wonderful decorator. All of last year's coats require remodelling. The full skirts and gigot sleeves that fashion insists upon gigot sleeves that tashou history aport this winter render last year's garments quite useless in their present condition. But fur steps in and does what it can. New sleeves may be made of it, and new revers and collar almost transform the The full skirt is not so easy to manage, but a clever modiste can add the old sleeves, and thereby considerable fulness, to the back. In the case of seal coats this is much easier, for the fur

will stand patching and seaming. It is only the fortunate few that can have the all fur coat. Most of us must perforce be content with accessories only n this cherished luxury. For the fur coat, seal is by all odds most popular. The correct length is just to the knee, and varies from thirty-two to forty-five inches, according to the height of the wearer. The seal coat often has a collar of other fur, usually the soft Persian lamb. The collar is wide over the shoulders, ?and tapers down into a long point in front. In fact, a coat of any sort is not complete without the broad rever effect of the shoulder slanting sharply into a point at the waist line. Of course the sleeves have no trimming whatever. A rather good coat of this sort can be had as low as four hundred dollars. Then there are the ones in all Persian lamb, of the soft moire variety, generally trimmed with the same fur. Seal shoulder ruffles, very nar-row, are effective on seal coats, and are quite the reverse of ungainly. Although seal is the most popular fur this winter, the ermine and sable are not far behind. To be sure, ermine is necessarily relegated to carriage and evening wear, or to beautiful stoles and victorines that enhance a seal garment. The loose cape ermine, with its ornamentation of lit black tails that are sewed over, is very popular for carriage wear; and the long ermine cloak, lined with beautiful brocade, is a garment that no woman wou disdain. The combination of seal ermine is particularly enticing. An ex-quisite costume that passed me on the way to her carriage the last night of the horse show, that never-to-be-forgotten last night, was an exquisite black satin, over which hung a three-quarter length seal mantle. It was lined with ermine, and the lining was a little longer than the coat, for a tiny white fringe showed itself beneath the seal edge. The mantle had a square yoke, back and front, of ermine, ending in a rolling collar. The yoke was edged with a fringe of small tails. The immense sleeves were of ermine, and her delicate toque had an edge of pure ermine, with no talls to mar its

The capes of fur are still popular, often worn over pain coats. They, too, dis-play the full effects of the coat by being fulled on a plain yoke, or by having the collar slope off into a short, plaited cape that falls over the longer one and possibly

But let us not be disheartened if we cannot afford the all fur cloak or cape.

Nay, my pretty maid; for much jauntier effects can be had with the fur band, the collar and the fur tails. The plain cloth

reds and terra-cottas which have suddenly become fashionable. The fur edges both the bottom of the skirt and the top of the low cut basque, and appears in knee bands and at the edges of all revers and ruffles. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

EASY TO HAVE PRETTY HANDS. Simple Methods by Which They May Be Kept Soft and White.

Any woman can have pretty hands who is willing to go to the least trouble with them. The hand is easily molded, and can be shaped or whitened or the texture changed almost at the will of the owner. In the first place the hand has a rounded palm and five grace-ful fingers that are bound to be pretty no matter how treated. The only things to be done are to make the flesh soft, the skin white, and the nails an ovai which shall be becoming to the style of the hand. According to the Boston Post, these are the most difficult things to accomplish, unless one knows exactly to accomplish, unless one knows exactly how, and the easiest if the secret has been learned. But of ultimate success there need be no doubt. The best hand bleach is pure soap. Get enough to fill a teacup when shaved finely—castile is very good for this-and melt with a pint of water until it is a thin soft soap. Add a little cologne and set away to cool in a big jar. Now when washing the hands, lather thickly with this soft soap and hold them in water which is only warm. Wash on the soap with hot water and after shaking the hands well, dry them in a box of cracked oatmeal. Rub softly until thoroughly dry and then dust them lightly with a towel, and if in one week the hands are not beauti-fully white, they may be given up as the only hands in the world that are

wholly incorrigible.

Bony hands even can be improved. The skin of the hands is very susceptible to olls, and if mutton tallow, cream, or a quantity of good almond oil is dil-igently rubbed in twice a day, for ten minutes at a time, in a month the hands will begin to be plump and pretty. Vas-eline is not so good for this, as on some skins it is apt to produce a light though undesirable growth of hair. Lord Ry-ron's old recipe for a pretty nail still holds good: "A rose leaf with a cres-cent in it." And as most rose leaves are oval, let the nail be as much that shape as possible; and if you can shape it so let it curve at the tip exactly as it does at the end where the "moon" This will accomplish the oval. After a woman has made her hands soft and white and pretty, she wants something else, and that something is the polish which still continues to be fashionable among society beauties, in spite of the verdict that the manicures are against it. It takes longer to manicure a pol-ished nail than it does a dull one, but there is no doubt that it is more elegant

COYOTES HUNTING FOR BREAKFAST Releiving Each Other in the Chase After

Ficet-Footed Jack Rabbits.

"Did you ever see a pack of coyotes a-ruslin' for grub?" asked an old miner of a reporter for the Moreno (Cal.) Indicator. "I've lived on the desert for nigh onto thirty years," he resumed, "and seed many a queen sight, but coyotes a-rustlin' for grub beats them all. Them animals are as well trained as any body of soldiers ever was under Gineral Grant. They deat a captain, whether by drawing of soldiers ever was under Gineral Grant. They elect a captain, whether by drawing straws or by ballot, I don't recollect off-hand. Just at daylight a reveille calls the pack together and they come yelpin' and howlin' over the desert like a lot of things possessed, their appetites sharpened by the crisp air and eager for their reg'lar diet of lerked rabbit meat. The avant couriers sniff around among the sagebrush and greasewood, while the rest of the band form into a big circle, sometimes spreadin' out on the plain over a of the band term into a eig circle, some-times spreadin' out on the plain over a radius of two or three miles. The cour-ters head a jack rabbit in the circle and the coyote nearest takes up the chase.

"You know a jack rabbit can run ba times faster than a coyote, and a one in pursuit gets tuckered out a one takes up the chase, and so the jack falls down dead fr Then the whole pack leap on Jaws snappin' like sheepblade time. Then when the Jack panother reveille is sounded a again form into a circle, an is kept up until everyone yeller divils has satisfied sometimes killin' hundreds cotton tails fur one meal, fu eat a jack as big as hims look as if he was clean star I was clean through the la ness with Gineral Grant and scientific generalin' is, and know as much as any sold? lived about army tactics, der-in-chief is usually the in the pack, and he sits on a kr aids, and what they don ginerally, ain't worth knowin.

FEATHER-WEIGHT TYRANNY

The Rule Which Too Often Prevails in the Domestic Circle.

All tyrants do not go about m of the bolt in the a weet faces and so that laugh and lips that le, but withal is ar he soft, steady, blanks he for when it comes arder to escape than a t wears the guise and us mes exercised by the wife only for material advantage by day and little by little aspirations after better the comes, as Rosamond to Ly Stowe characterized this sometimes found in growing young people right to develop along intended and in their man of business who business man of his ter prefers to be the professional man we boy shall adopt his vo the boy's yocation-e er-weight tyranny wh ing in its effects. Wor tle; she uses finesse. Where a crashing on with ax and has puts aside an obstacle or later

THE MAN WE MEANT TO MARRY. A Being of Such Perfection as the World

Has Never Yet Scen,

What a model of order he was says burnt matches under grates We never had to follow picking up discarded garmen shoes and tidying papers, wi to answering "why things w where they were put?" Under vexations circumstant was always the same wh generous fellow, kebles to himself, sharing all with us, and shielding us to edge of the disagre door, but we wern't to kno come in smiling and ready to as with us if the Jam wouldn't Ja blue got streaked in the star womanly inconsistency, white a slave, we also yearned for h intervals of dominating lord for moments when we record will as secondary, and proudly grudgingly submitted to a but The ideal man always rew submission by increased tend deference of mlen, leading that point; but what man is ideal without the glamor of gold? Did we heary him? No, oh, no! It taken time to produce perfection, and the world land quite 6,000 years old.

The Londest Noise on Record.

No thunder from the skies was

day morning, August 27 previous night wore on the succeeded each other so island. The critical mom a majestie ci people of Batavia did not windows quivered with the Krakatoa which resounde at 19 o'clock on Monday stupendous convulsion took far transcended any of the had preceded it. This supre was which raised the mights heard on this globe. Balayi five miles distant from K. Carlmon, Java, 335 miles awa were heard on that Monday which led to the belief that be some vessel in the distance discharging its guns as should The autrorities sent out leaf search; they presently return ing could be found in wan The reports were sounds whi all the way from Krakatos were hastily sent out to the matter. The sounds had from the Straits of Sunda, a d 909 miles. But mere hundreds of will not suffice to illustrate the ext win not some to which the great-that ever was heard was able trate. The figures have to be e in thousands. This seems almost ble, but it is certainly true. In the ria plains, in West Australia, if herds were startled by noises like cannonading. It was some time after ward before they learned that their tracquillity had been disturbed by the grand events then proceeding at Krakatos

Guy Fawkes Pay in New England, It may surprise many readers to know that any observance of the old English Pope day, or Guy Fawkes day, is held in our own day in America, yet such is the case. Bonfires are still lighted on the 5th of November in New England coast towns by hore who have not the coast towns by boys who have ! coast towns by boys who have not he slightest notion of the exciting and pleturesque event in English history and the old time English holiday that they thus commemorats. In Newburypet, Mass., it still is colebrated, and in Parismouth, N. H., and Newcastle, N. H. in the latter town it is called "Pork Night," an absurd and meaningless corruption of Pope night. It is not many years since chill November 5ths in in Gloucester and Marblehead saw "Guy Fawkes" bendres on every hill,—(Independent.

Mexican Bramatle Criticism.

A theatrical company that recently gave Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" in a New Mexico town was criticised by the local paper on the ground that the right name of the play was "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" and also that Shakespeare didn't write it.—(New York Tribune.